A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, with others.

Theſeus.

NOw faire *Hippolita*, our nuptiall houre
Drawes on apace: foure happy daies bring in
Another Moone: but oh, me-thinks, how ſlow
This old Moone wanes: She lingers my deſires
Like to a Step-dam, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a young mans reuenew.
Hip. Foure daies will quickly ſteepe themſelues in nights
Foure daies will quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a ſiluer bow,
Now bent in heauen, ſhall behold the night
Of our ſolemnities.
The. Goe *Philoſtrate*,
Stirre vp the *Athenian* youth to merriments,
Awake the peart and nimble ſpirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy foorth to Funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pompe.
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my ſword,
And wonne thy loue, doing thee iniuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with reuelling.

Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, and Lyſander, Helena, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be *Theſeus*, our renowned Duke.
The. Thanks good *Egeus*. What's the newes with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint